

# *The* **LEAD- STACKER**



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# Horn Family Survives Wayzgoose!

In mid-September, a horde of curious printers descended on Little Rock, Shooting Star Press, and the Horn warehouses. Miraculously, no one was seriously injured during the ensuing melee. Some sleep was lost, lots of money was spent, lies were swapped, and printing junque was exchanged.

Early birds started arriving on a Thursday and most assembled at the hospitality room in the hotel for an impromptu supper of pizza and beer. The Wayzgoose host had everything planned and scheduled on his computer. Last minute information and instructions were to be printed out only a couple of hours before the registration was to begin. But the new convert to computerism was to be taught yet another lesson and Murphy's law would take effect. The computer crashed (much to the delight of such anti-computerists as Sky Shipley and Wilbur Doctor). Without his computer, the host didn't know who was coming, when they were coming, or who had paid for what. There was no revised schedule or complete guide about what to do or where to be. But the host and attendees muddled through.

Friday evening, an open house was held at Shooting Star Press and some Yankees got a taste of Southern humidity. With only two or three people inside, Shooting Star Press seems extremely large, with almost one hundred people crammed in and the humidity about ninety

per cent, it got pretty uncomfortable in the shop. But the host believes that many people were amazed at his collection and he was proud that so many people showed up to see how much junk he had managed to pile into one place.

Saturday morning arrived much too soon for the host. Before he knew it, the crowd had descended on his warehouses and set up a much larger than anticipated printers' swap meet and flea market. In what seemed like a few minutes, lunch arrived from a local barbecue joint. After lunch the unflappable Col. Churchman conducted a spirited auction that netted \$1438.75.

The Saturday evening banquet, held at the Hilton was made more enjoyable by the banquet speaker, APA's own Kim Scott. Kim gave a wonderful talk about frontier journalism and made it come to life with his performance.

The picnic that was held Sunday in the Horn's yard was a surprise for a lot of people in that they were served that Southern delicacy, fried catfish. Many of the attendees were of the Northern persuasion and had never tasted good breaded, deep fried, cholesterol coated, catfish with all the trimmings. After the picnic, many attendees toured Shooting Star Press once more and then rushed off to meet their airplanes or hit the highways for home.

The Little Rock Wayzgoose was notable for a couple of reasons. It was the best attended with 96 people on hand, this included 56 members, 25 spouses, and 15 guests. It was probably the most expensive Wayzgoose to produce and more than likely, the most expensive to attend



for many of the members. There were people from 26 states at the 1990 Wayzgoose.

The host has many people to thank for their help with the Wayzgoose: Charlie Bush, Dave Churchman, Don and Barbi Bennett, Bob and Carol Mullen, Cecil Persons, Sky Shipley, Kim Scott. David Horn, Ray and Kathleen Horn. and the people who helped assemble the keepsake packages, Duane Scott, Penny Speckter, Pat and Steve Saxe. The host would also like to publicly thank his kind and understanding wife, Robyn.

If you are an APA member, and didn't make it to Little Rock, you're going to have to provide your own excuse to visit Shooting Star Press next time.



# I Need Your Help

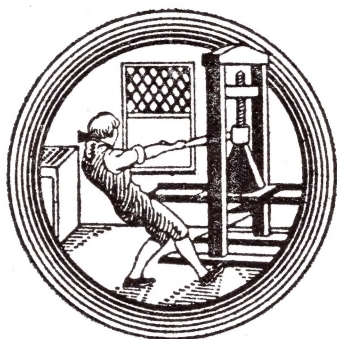
I have begun what will probably be a life-long project—an inventory of all the iron hand presses in the United States. In my opinion, there is much too little data concerning iron hand presses. We have little or no proof of exactly when they were made, how many were made or even what firms manufactured them. It is my belief that if enough data were gathered, some of these questions could be answered.

There has been very little **detailed** information compiled, written, or published about hand presses. Steve Saxe has a book soon to be published that will contain some details about manufacturers but because of the price and limited number of copies to be printed, this information won't be available to everyone. Ralph Green gave us a bit of information in his **Iron Hand Presses in America**, but again, copies of this work are sometimes hard to find. I will attempt to fill the void.

If you own, or know of someone, or some museum that owns an iron hand press, and would consent to assisting me in this inventory, please drop me a postcard indicating your willingness to help. and I'll send you one or more of my inventory forms to fill out and return to me.

# THE END

This will be the last Leadstacker—of this size. For those of you who are binding this journal or sort amateur papers according to size, this is your warning. The next Leadstacker will be in a smaller format. If you will remember, in an early issue, I said that this publication would be a medium by which I could experiment with my typographical whimsies. I am now not satisfied with this large format and I want to try working with smaller formats. There are some other things I would like to try and because of limited type quantities, am unable. I want to tighten up the look of the Leadstacker. Look for the new (and hopefully improved) version of the Leadstacker coming in a bundle to you, soon, I hope.



# It Could Have Been

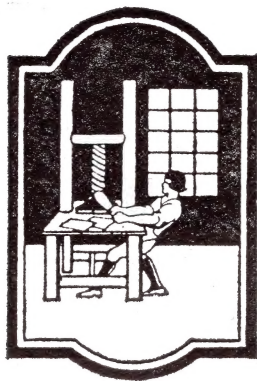
Because of one person, this is not actually the last Leadstacker. I'm discouraged folks. I've been involved in amateur journalism and hobby printing for six years now and I'm tired of it, and you. I've attended several conventions, I've met individually with many of you in my travels and I've corresponded with a lot of you. For the most part, you're good people; you're kind and generous, you're interesting, you're humorous, you're talented, and you make me sick! For six years, I've tried to improve the Leadstacker; I've tried to print it better, I've tried to write it with a bit more care, and I've made it bigger. I've been an officer in the AAPA almost my entire membership. Now I've even hosted an APA Wayzgoose. But you, . . . what have you done? Damn little! You have a basement or garage full of type and equipment but have I ever seen you print anything more than a pitiful little slogan card dashed off to meet activity requirements? You've got a computer that will do everything but give milk, but all I've seen from you is something clipped from a magazine, pasted with other bits of paper and photocopied on a machine that was worn out ten years ago. You call yourself an amateur journalist, but you never write anything, contribute to the manuscript bureau or other publishers. If you do write anything, it's religious or political drivel, rewritten jokes that are older than me or reports about your last surgery. You refuse to



hold office (no, wait, you were sergeant-at-arms back in '62 or was it '73?), you won't take the time to thank those three people who do publish something worthwhile. Hell, many of you don't even read what's in the bundles. You're just a name on the membership list.

My friend that has given me encouragement to continue this journal (for a while), tells me that I'm respected in these organizations. He tells me that people look up to me. I'm not sure that I agree with him but for what it's worth, I'm going to speak my peace. Why should I knock myself out publishing the Leadstacker? Why should I spend hours writing and setting type? Why should I labor over makeready and hand feeding a press? Why should I spend close to a hundred dollars on each issue of this journal for paper, ink, and other printing supplies? Why? No one else does, or only a handful of people do. Am I alone in my zeal for publishing a journal? I **do** realize that not everyone can spend the time that I do in publishing a journal; I realize that not everyone has the passion for letterpress printing that I do; I realize that not everyone can afford to spend the money I do buying type and equipment and publishing; I realize that we all have lapses in interests. But you people aren't doing anything! You're not making any improvements in your publishing efforts, on the contrary, you're regressing! Get off your butts, turn off the blasted television, and get to work! Do your share! It's not fair to the rest of us if you don't reciprocate by publishing too. If you don't publish, write, or serve

in an office, I say get out! Leave the hobby if you're not going to contribute; let those of us who care keep this hobby alive. I just don't know how long I can continue this journal without seeing significant work by more people. You are in debt to one unnamed person for any more Leadstackers that you might see. Don't bother writing to tell me what a great job I've been doing, don't waste postage to give me your excuses why you have not published lately, I want to see some **significant** work in the bundles!!!



*Here ends the twenty-third Leadstacker,  
done up into print by John Horn at Shoot-  
ing Star Press. Special thanks to Schuyler  
Shipley for getting John's Linotype in oper-  
ating condition. The proprietor of this press  
is painfully aware that his matrices are  
badly worn and begs your forgiveness. Steps  
will be taken to rectify this situation. S*

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